

THE GLOBE CLOTHING CO.

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There's No Occasion for Paying Fancy Prices for Boys' Clothes.

Worsteds Suits, Cassimere Suits, Cheviot Suits.

Made right, fit right, priced right. The best tailoring talent that can be procured makes our Boys' Clothing. You get the benefit of our manufacturing ideas, without extra expense.

**Boys' Suits, Single or Double-Breasted Styles,
\$1.48, \$1.98, \$2.48, \$2.98, \$3.98, \$5.00 and \$6.00.**

We Press and Keep in Repair Free All Clothing Purchased of Us.

FLYER---Pure Silk Reversible Four-in-Hand Ties, 15c
Every One Worth a Quarter, - - - 15c

The
Man's
Store.

THE GLOBE
BROAD AND SEVENTH STS.

The
Boys'
Store.

Whims of the Idler.

The Mystery of Her Round White Arms.

It isn't often that I meddle with other folks' business or seek to stick my nose into things about which it is obvious that they desire to keep quiet, but there is one lady concerning whom I have the deepest of curiosities.

She is the Venus of Milo and I wish to know what she has done with her arms, to say nothing of her left foot.

My interest, mind you, is purely circumstantial and entirely within the bounds of propriety, for the Venus of Milo is but a creation in marble, though she has been a numerous offspring in plaster of Paris, bisque, china and terra cotta. Indeed, one sees her descendants in almost every conceivable material.

For the benefit of those who don't pretend to be artistic, it might be well to explain that my friend Venus, the great and only original Venus, I mean, is a statue exhumed on the island of Milo in the year 1820. She is supposed to be a copy of the Venus of Cos, by Praxiteles, though one who goes into the supposing business has got a right to allow his imagination to range about as it pleases.

Be this as it may, the ancient Venus brought to light on the lovely Hellenic isle is the fairest bit of inanimate femininity the world has ever gazed upon. She is a poem in stone, and O! such a poem.

Verily, I was about to quote Homer and say: "She moves a goddess and she looks a queen," but that will not do, for however divine and queenly the Venus may be, she does not move.

In 1892 I saw her at the Louvre, in Paris, where she has been a reigning beauty since 1821, and though she stood upon her pedestal as motionless as the sphinx, her subtle charm pervaded the place. Her weird stillness—stillness on the part of a woman is always weird—thrilled me with indescribable sensations, and I felt that I would give words to her, her speech, she didn't look like a "womping cat" at all, although centuries have lumbered down the corridors of time since the master hand that guided the chisel, wrought her inimitable form, but the thing I wished to ask her was this—what have you done with your missing arms and foot?

Ordinarily one meeting a lady minus both arms and deficient in the usual quantum of pedal extremities, would maintain a discreet silence and pretend not to notice anything wrong, but the Venus of Milo is no common personage. What there is of her is the very quintessence of grace—an epic in feminine pliancy. The residuum that meets the eye to-day is so faultless in its purity, not to say anatomical grandeur, that one's very soul cries out for the perfect whole.

The little that is lacking, upon reflection, becomes painful in its absence. Looking to the right of the statue, one sees the arm snapped off just above the elbow, as though it had been violently severed. The slight is not irritating or harrowing; it simply makes the beholder long for the unattainable.

On the left side, however, things are far worse. Here the shoulder is slightly elevated, as though the Venus were leaning on some person or thing for support. In the case of the Apollo Belvedere, as though it were torn from its pedestal, even the marble where the missing limb should join the superb shoulder, is roughly pulled as though the arm had been pulled off rather than cleanly snapped or cut asunder.

The wound—surely this deficiency deserves such a name—is a distinct blemish on the statue. It gives the beholder not the slightest inkling as to the position of the missing arm. It is, indeed, a huge interrogation point in sculpture—a mystery that makes tortuous the more one thinks of it.

As for the missing foot, that is a comparatively small matter—this is meant as a compliment to the smallness of Venus's feet—for its absence does not materially mar the statue.

But that left arm! Heavens, the agonizing mystery of it! The mental discomfort it gives the art enthusiast, the other art treasure which came to light in a mutilated condition, the task of supplying a few extra hands and feet was a comparatively easy job, but not so with this south-thrilling, inimitable woman in marble, whose divine Greek face smiles on the world even now as though a thousand years in its right arm but as a day. The best that modern art could do for her was to add a piece to her broken nose.

One word more concerning the marble goddess at whose Parian shrine the world of art has devoutly worshipped for seven decades. The marble in the original statue shows many signs of disintegration, or rather it shows the effects of

the elements. The stone is badly stained and the nude flesh is noticeably pitted as though the attrition from the rains of centuries had eaten into its splendid muscles. In short, the original Venus to-day is sadly deficient in the matter of complexion, though her serene beauty is but little marred by this.

A person with her grand muscles, exquisitely undulating bust and queenly head might well give the ha-ha to cosmetics and face powder and still be little the worse for it.

This comparatively insignificant blemish in the statue is mentioned because those who see the copies of the figure do not have their attention called to the minor defects. The smaller the copy the more imperceptible the surface mutilations, which in a figure two feet high would not be noticed at all.

In every home where the people like to be considered artistic, one may find some sort of imitation of this precious survivor of classic Greek sculpture. As I have said, the offspring of the Venus of Milo are as the seeds of the oak. Bogus Venuses in the diminutives are made from every conceivable material. I haven't a doubt that Boston babies cut their teeth on gutta percha or Indian rubber imitations and assuredly they ought to delight in so doing.

Up at our house we have a Venus made in imitation of old ivory, though why any woman so gloriously plump should be reproduced in anything even vaguely suggestive of ivory is more than I can see. Still, she is a dream of loveliness and the Queen Bee, who generally likes to have an explanation when I admire other women, allows me to adore my goddess as much as I please. And I do adore her even as Pymonion adored his gray Galathea. Nay more, I grow poetic and recall the words the real goddess addressed to Pymonion's beloved:

"O maiden, in mine image made!
O grace that shouldst endure.
White temples full and empires fade,
Immaculately pure!

Exchange this endless life of art
For beauty that must die,
And blossom with a beating heart
Into mortality.

"Change, silent lips, forever fair,
To lips that have their day.
Oh, perfect arm, grow soft with life,
Vixen arm, ere cold you wane;
Wake my heart, from peace to strife.

To love, to joy, to pain!"

But here, again, I experience a shock, for once more I am rudely reminded of the fact that my Venus has no "perfect arms" to "grow soft with life." They are gone, gone, gone—and their passing is a mystery of the centuries that have become irrevocable. No man can guess their fate. A thousand times, when I dream of things impractical, I have sought in my imagination to replace the missing limbs and to pose them as they were before vandal hands did their sacrilegious work. But all in vain. The Venus of Milo is the one woman on earth who can keep her secret. It cannot be wrested from her.

Nor is my enjoyment of this gem of art allowed to proceed without other limitations even more harassing. The Queen Bee, for instance, though tolerant of my weakness, has little sympathy for my half-draped idol. If the truth must be told, the good woman isn't bothered with the artistic temperament except insofar as that temperament pertains to the feeling on a good cake or the crispness of a pie crust.

"You may have over that battered old thing all you want," says she, "but for my part I've got the courage to say she isn't decent. If she is as beautiful as you pretend to think, it seems to me she'd show to equal advantage with more clothes on."

Nor is my sensitive imagination let off merely with the scornful expressions falling from the lips of this discerning belle. The statue, in sooth, has brought me into absolute contempt with the colored race.

When our cook heard what the thing cost, she actually had to struggle to keep from openly proclaiming me an idiot—a privilege which undoubtedly should have been accorded her, for she was absolutely sincere in her belief.

And the hired girl next door, who came over to borrow three eggs, entertained the same opinion, but she was more diplomatic. Seeing the statue looming up in a conspicuous corner, she compromised matters by saying in her most sympathetic tone: "For, suh, how did you bust the arm off your lady?"

The poor, benighted heathen didn't even know that the figure was the counterfeit presentment of a sublime woman—a goddess.

ness. She fancied it some mutilated puppet—a thing designed primarily for the amusement of children.

And the other negroes are equally blind to the beauties of the figure. In all probability, our family has completely lost caste in Jackson Ward. The colored sisters think we should have been allowed ninety-nine per cent. discount for the missing arms, and one per cent. discount for the missing foot. In short, they think we ought to have gotten the whole business for nothing, and that having gotten

it, we ought to have the respectability to keep it in the cellar.

And all this trouble is due to the mystery of the Venus's arms. The unimaginative mind shrieks in anguish at this deficiency—rebels at the need of the equipment which would enable the goddess to manipulate a needle and thread, bake bread or dust a mantle.

Thus it is that I find myself irreverently hungering to have the mystery explained. The colored population demands it, and so does the Queen Bee and countless hundreds of others.

In a word, something is due to the inartistic temperament, and unless that something is forthcoming, I fear that I must take an axe and finish the job that vandals began so many centuries ago. Oh! the hideous disillusionment of it all!

Dr. W. Capelhart, one of the best known of North Carolina breeders, and owner of an extensive stud of horses and mares, is at the "The Mecklenburg," Chase City, Va., where he will remain until the Norfolk Horse Show, and after discussing the latter expects to return home.

For many years past Dr. Capelhart has figured as an owner and breeder of both thoroughbreds and trotters. At different times his stud has included such stallions as Steel Eyes and Aucterity, thoroughbreds of the great Virginia bred race horse Planet; Tornado, a Morgan bred horse that left a marked impression on the stock around Avoca; Alcantara, a son of Lancelot; 222, and Phalaris Girl, by Phalaris, now heads the Capelhart stud.

Recent sales of thoroughbred yearlings by the Fagin-Tipton Company, at Sheepshead Bay, New York, included a draft of six from the Ellerslie stud of R. J. Hancock & Son, Charlottesville, Va. Two were by the English-bred, the Fatherless and the remainder by Eon, Arouis and Merry Day, sons of the dead Eolus. As will be seen from the appended list, large prices did not rule:

Bay filly, by Fatherless, dam Ellerslie, J. C. Van Meter, \$500; bay filly, by Fatherless, dam Heinrich, Chelsea Stable, \$400; chestnut colt, by Eon, dam Oro Olive, C. M. Stewart, \$75; chestnut filly, by Eon, dam Conetta, P. Stewart, \$300; bay filly, by Arouis, dam Rosella, C. M. Stewart, \$55; chestnut colt, by Merry Day, dam LeMaurie, R. B. Watkins, \$100.

The full meetings of the Washington Jockey Club will begin on November 1st, and end December 24, will be held as usual at the Benning track, Washington, D. C. It is being widely heralded among horsemen, and especially those in Virginia, a number of whom are interested in performers both on the track and over the jumping fence.

Importance to be decided are the Columbia Handicap, Washington Cup, Maxi-

um, Bladensburg, Hunters Champion and Junior Steeplechases.

Winning right along each week and in good company, too, Jimmy Lane, the Virginia-bred son of His Grace and Anna Page, now ranks among the best steeplechasers of the year. At Sheepshead Bay on the 9th he won the Westbury Steeplechase, distance about two and a half miles, time, 5:16. His Grace, the sire of Jimmy Lane, is in the stud of Marshall & Thompson, Warrenton, Va., and the son of Eolus is getting widely known.

The three-year-old bay filly Bertha Barker, thoroughbred daughter of Dillon and Faustina, bred and owned by W. K. Matthews, is being schooled across country by Thomas Martin and promises to make a good performer, over the jumps. Faustina, the dam of Bertha Barker, was a winner on the flat, and later Deep Run Hunt Club steeplechase with the daughter of Eolus and War Lass, by War Dance.

Telka, the bay mare by Arion, 2:37 3-4, dam La Jolla, by Advertiser, 2:15 1-4, owned by W. J. Carter, has been bred to Kelly, 2:27. From this mating the prospective foal will carry three crosses to Electioneer, as both Telka's sire and her dam's sire are sons of that famous progenitor, while Kelly, bases the same relationship. Incidentally, it may be said that more champions trace to Electioneer than any other sire, too.

William M. Bell, for several years past located at Harrisonburg, Va., is now with Mr. Tate Sterritt, the hotel man, at Hot Springs, Va., with whom he has

closed an engagement. Mr. Sterritt owns a stable of show ring performers, among them being hunters, jumpers and harness of real class, and the collection is being gradually increased by further purchases.

Colonel Bennet Cameron, master of Fairintosh Stud, Staigville, N. C., and one of the largest real estate owners in the "Old North State," was here during the past week in attendance at the twenty-fifth annual meeting of the Farmers' National Congress of the United States. Colonel Cameron was honored by election to vice-presidency of that representative body.

Amie Alone, bay filly, 3, yb Aloha, dam Annie L., bred by O'Brien Bradley at Greenway Farm, won a 1-14 mile at Fort Erie in 1:47 3-5, on the 7th instant, where she defeated a field of 12 horses, among them being Armapawn and Colliet, who finished second and third.

The usual matinee of the Richmond Horse Show will be held this year on Friday afternoon instead of Saturday as usual. The change has been made on account of a big football game to be held here on the afternoon of the latter day.

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NEWS OF HORSES AND HORSEMEN

Richmond Horse Show to Be
Greatest Ever Held
Here.

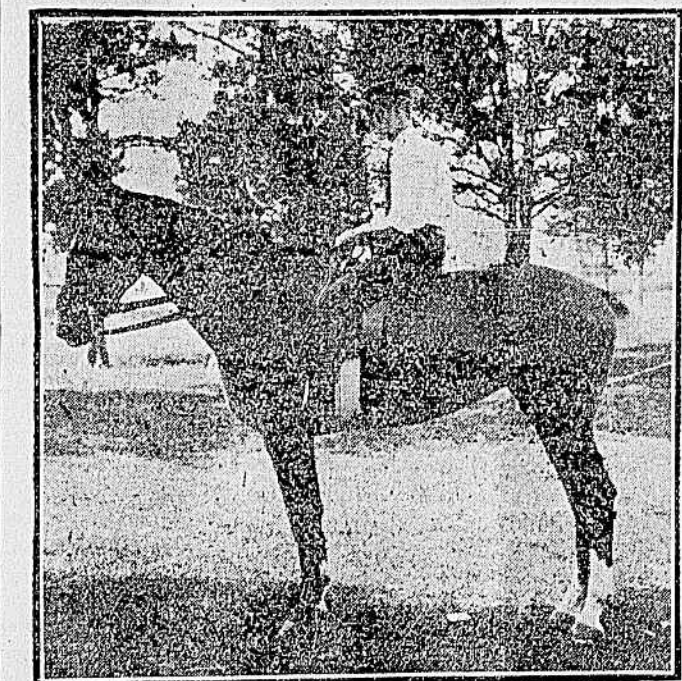
PRINCESS OF RIDGEFIELD

Dr. Capelhart, of Chase City,
Ellerslie Yearlings—Jimmy
Lane Wins.

There is every indication of a great horse show being held here this fall, and from the rise of the curtain on Tuesday evening, October 10th, until the close of the following Saturday evening we are promised a treat far surpassing any similar event ever witnessed south of New York.

President J. T. Anderson has returned from New York, and is enthused over the prospect of having a greater number of Northern exhibitors here than at any of our previous shows, which is saying a good deal, as during past seasons many of the most famous horses ever paraded on the tan bark in America have been seen in Richmond. Of course, no entries have been received yet, as the list closed on Saturday next, the 23d instant, but with increased prizes, the amount offered being over \$10,000, and added classes, along with other improved conditions, the attractions are strong enough to induce the most powerful stables in the country to enter at Richmond. Howard Willet's famous high jumper Heatherbloom will be here and Dick Donnelly will take this wonderful "leaper" over the jumps. The Arillery Band of Fort Monroe will furnish music during the week, and this of itself will please many thousands. Assistant Secretary W. O. Warthen, of this city, is kept pretty well occupied here now, and he reports quite a larger number of enquiries from those intending to exhibit than during previous years.

Dr. J. C. Walton, resident physician at "The New Mecklenburg," Chase City, has a clever rooster, and one who combines the best of manners along with comeliness, too, in the bay mare Princess of Ridgefield, six years old, by Prince Belmont, dam Ida Wise, a big, strongly made mare and good looking in her prime.



NANCY LEE, HEAVY WEIGHT HUNTER.
David Dunlop's Heavy Weight Hunter, Nancy Lee, a Frequent Horse Show Winner.

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FALL AND WINTER, 1905.

And We Are Entirely Ready.

New Silks.

New Fancy Taffetas and Louisines, in new and stylish patterns and colorings, 75c, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50.
New and dainty designs in Mole Velour, 75c, \$1, \$1.25.
Plain Taffetas, new and very effective color combinations, 75c, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50.
Spot-proof and Wear Guaranteed Black Taffetas, heavy weight, all pure silk, rich, perfect blacks—
30 inches wide..... 75c
27 inches wide..... \$1.00
36 inches wide..... 1.30
Bond Filles, all colors, wear guaranteed, \$1.50.
Bond Taffetas, all colors, wear guaranteed, \$55.
Bond Suits, all colors, wear guaranteed, \$1.25.
Chiffon Velvets, in all new and staple shades, \$1.50.

New Evening Silks.

Pompadour Taffetas, Mouselines, Peau de Sole and Louisines, plain and dotted grounds, in effective floral designs, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.

Colored Dress Goods.

Henriettes, in all new and staple shades, 50c to \$1.
Satin Cashmires, new and stylish, \$1.25.
Silk Warp Henriettes, in all the new and staple shades, \$1.35.
Drap D'Ete, an elegant weave, all colors, \$1.50.
Caro Faconne, new and stylish, \$1.50.
Broadcloths in all shadings, \$1 to \$1.50.
Chiffon Broadcloths, every wanted shade, \$2 and \$2.50.
New Plaid, bright, rich colorings, 50c, 75c, \$1 and \$1.25.

Black Dress Goods.

Cloths, \$1.00 to \$1.00.
Atlas Cloth, \$2.50.
Henriettes, 50c and \$1.25.
Drap D'Ete, \$1.50 and \$2.00.
Queen's Cloth, \$1.50.
Cravenette Prunella, \$1.35 and \$1.50.
Readona Crepe, \$1.00.
Wool Crepe de Chine, 75c and \$1.00.

Lace Curtains.

Nottingham,
Irish Point,
Tambour,
Renaissance, Etc.
In new and artistic patterns, \$1.00 to \$5.00 pair.
New Portieres, entirely new ideas, \$7.50 to \$25.00.

Two Rug Bargains.

6x12 Bunahar Wilton Rugs, new and tasty patterns, \$37.50.
6x12 Body Brussels Rugs, special, \$29.50.
Oriental Rugs, a great collection. See them.

J. B. Mosby & Co.

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The New Fall Suits and Skirts in a Special Advance Sale.

In inaugurating each season we arrange to place the new lines on sale at very considerable reductions from the prices that will obtain at the height of the season—in fact, offering the new goods at prices that are stripped of all profit. To-morrow is the date set for showing the fall lines in all their newness and freshness, and at special opening-of-the-season reductions from regular prices. It is an opportunity for seeing all that's new and of saving substantially in the purchase prices. Read the news of the great offerings of Suits and Skirts.

Here's a Special Suit at a Special Price.

Variety of Styles, All Sizes and Materials... **\$17.50**
Made to our special order in a number of styles. We have them in Broadcloth, Cheviot and Mouseline.
Colors—New Greys, Green, Blue and Black.
The Skirts are correctly cut, and with the high kilted flare.

Suit at \$19.50.

Very stylish and smart suits in the popular long coat style; they are made in fine blue and black broad-tailored in a first-class manner and are cloth and chevilles; they were bought to sell at \$25.00. For the introductory sale... **\$19.50**

Suits in Fashionable Gray.

Gray is the king of fall shades. To our already large line of suits at \$24.50, we have added a large number of Light and Medium Gray Suits, with 45 or 50 inch coats. All are lined; some with Taffeta Silk.

The materials are mixed cloths and Homespuns in gun-metal and Quaker grays.
Have same styles in plain blue, black and brown Broadcloths and Cheviots.
We struck a big bargain in these. You will find them equal to regularly purchased \$30.00 and \$35.00 Suits... **\$24.50**

New Broadcloth Suit, \$29.50.

Women's Black Broadcloth Suits, new three-quarter pleated, \$27.50. Full sleeve, kilted skirt. Actual value \$32.50. Special... **\$27.50**

Some Striking Madels at \$35.00

They compare favorably with Suits generally sold at a half more. The latest addition to the line is imported broadcloth; coat 45 inches long; beautifully tailored strapped front and back, with neatly inlaid velvet collar. This style comes in such favorite shades as plum, green, blue, black and red.

Two Special Values in New Skirts.

A most favorably bought lot of Blue and Black Cheviots.
Skirts that are tailored in the very best manner, they are designed with pleats; just such a Skirt as you'd expect to pay at least \$8.00 for. We have underpriced them in this introductory sale... **\$6.50**

One of the season's best skirt offerings will be a high-class lot of fine quality Serge Skirts from the best women's tailor in the country; they are in black and blue, and are stylishly pleated; these skirts will sell at \$8.98. Introductory price... **\$6.98**

Taffeta Silk Petticoats at \$5.00.

Made in all colors of a special quality Taffeta Silk—10-inch accordion pleated flounce with circular bottom. Special... **\$5.00**

Special Silk Waist.

Black, White and Navy Taffeta Silk Waist, tucked, and trim... **\$4.98**
Black, White, Navy, Alice Blue, Brown, Reseda Green and Light Blue Taffeta Silk Waist, fancy tucked... **\$5.98**
Black, White and Gray Taffeta Silk Waist, tucked and trimmed with Val, inserting... **\$7.98**

Evening Coats.

Just arrived, 45-inch Cream Cloth Coat, heavily trimmed in white silk braid—collarless, with velvet vest and cuffs; fancy buttons. Lined throughout with Peau de Sole... **\$57.50**
Cream Cloth Coat, embroidered in